

THE HAMILTONIAN



October, 1924

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OCTOBER, 1924

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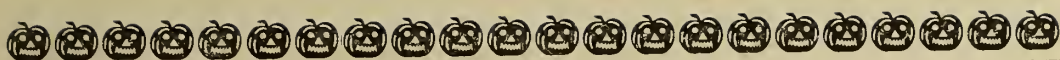
IRENE POPE, '27

Junior High Editor

OSCAR LIGHTBODY

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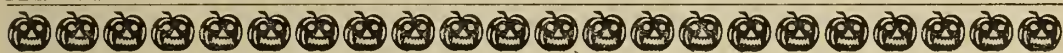


Hallowe'en

When jack o' lanterns throw their rays,
And ghostly figures creep,
When children toss from side to side,
Afraid to go to sleep,
When goblins make astir each heart
And houses with parties gleam,
It brings us back again once more,
To the mysteries of Hallowe'en.

Each childish dream is then fulfilled
And pranks are their delight,
They try how many scares to plan,
To give each one a fright.
And when at last the time draws near,
And their hearts with terror gleam,
They are the ones who are wide awake,
To the mysteries of Hallowe'en.

Anna Poole, '25



Literary Department

AN ADVENTURE



NANCY had practically everything that she desired. This was due to the fact that she was the pretty, eighteen-year-old, only daughter of well-to-do-parents, and of course she was spoiled and in a way she was not to blame for this fault of hers.

It was pouring on this adventurous day; pouring it was, and pouring it had been for three consecutive days, and to all appearance pour it would for some-time to come.

Nancy was alone in the big house. Her mother had not been well, so following the advice of her physician, her husband and she had gone on a yachting trip to the southern sea. They did not like to leave Nancy alone, but she begged so hard to be allowed to stay for the "grand event of the season," that they, like many a fond parent, had consented.

This "event of the season," was a reception given in honor of Macolm Brownley, a promising young author of twenty-three, who was to make his first visit at the "Glades," the summer home of Nancy's aunt. He had written a book on the higher elements in electricity. Nancy had just tried to read it, but it was "too deep," to use her own expression, and she closed it a bit disgusted.

She had tried a little of everything this afternoon but could find nothing that would hold her interest for any length of time. At last she decided that the best thing she could do was to go for a long tramp in the rain. As soon as

she thought of it, the thought was acted upon. Hastily she drew on rubbers, a long rain-coat and tam, and started out, leaving the house quietly so the old housekeeper would not endeavor to stop her.

Taking a road not well known to her, she walked along busily engaged in the rather unpleasant occupation of self-pity. While thus engaged, she suddenly sat down with great force. Now becoming really angry, she picked herself up only to find that she could not bear her weight on her right foot, without causing her considerable pain. With tears of anger in her eyes, she limped to a stone wall, and sat down wishing fervently that she had never been born.

While thinking these bitter thoughts, a large Newfoundland dog came running up and thrust his head into her lap and looked up into her face, as much as to say, "Why so sober?"

"Come here Rex," came a deep pleasant voice indistinctly to her ear.

After the repetition of the call several times, which had no effect, a young man of perhaps twenty-three appeared, dressed in a gray tweed suit. He wore no hat, and his dark hair was rumpled by the wind and rain until it fairly stood on end. Upon seeing Nancy, he stopped, stared for a moment and then seeming to find his voice politely said, "I beg your pardon for Rex's unusual behavior. He doesn't, as a rule make friends with strangers. You look as if he had frightened you, or as if some-

thing were the matter. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

It was asked in such a friendly way that Nancy told him about her accident. Telling her to remain where she was for a few minutes, he made her comfortable, and disappeared. Soon she heard the noise of a motor and her benefactor came in sight driving a small car of foreign make.

He helped Nancy in and then inquired where she would wish him to take her. After a few minutes of awkwardness, conversation came without effort. Nancy in a complaining voice, told him that it was awful to have hurt her ankle at just this time when tomorrow night was to be the "wonderful night," when the reception was to be given in honor of Macolm Brownley.

In a surprised and amused tone her escort told her he was to be there, and perhaps by that time tomorrow her ankle would be well enough for her to go.

This encouraged her extremely and she even managed to smile, and said, "Well, I hope so."

On arriving home she was very kindly received, although she did come in for a scolding from the old housekeeper, who was more like a member of the family than a servant.

The next day was spent in preparation for the evening. Her ankle, after having been tightly bound, was regaining its strength, and by noon she walked with scarcely a limp. That afternoon the preparations were delayed by a telephone call from Nancy's best girl friend, Jean Hale, who explained that she couldn't wait to tell Nancy that she had been on the piazza, when Macolm Brownley had gone by and he was "perfectly stunning." As he drove by he

had smiled at her. And the car was "a peach."

This had its effect on Nancy. Although she tried hard to appear delighted by her friend's good luck, she could not help but pity herself, because even if she was introduced to him he would not look at her, limping around, much less ask her to dance. Her only hope was gone, all on account of a little stone!

At nine o'clock Nancy and Jean entered the dressing room and removed their wraps. Everyone was talking about the author, and pitying Nancy for her misfortune.

On entering the hall Mrs. Grendale, Nancy's aunt, smiled sweetly on them and took them up to be introduced to the Macolm Brownley.

Perhaps you will give Nancy credit when she did not let on by word, look, or action that she had met Macolm before, as she was introduced to a nice young man with dark hair which refused to stay in place.

You can imagine the envious looks cast at her when Macolm Brownley sat out not only one but many "ones" with her, and chattered like an old friend.

So the afternoon walk of the day before was certainly not to be scorned, and Nancy even thought of going back to try and find the stone for her memory book.

The next day Jean came over to Nancy's and asked her how she ever did "it." Nancy did not think it necessary to impart her knowledge on the subject, however, lest she be the cause of many sprained ankles.

Years later Macolm and Nancy were still talking of the "luck of a rainy day, a dog and a stone."

—LUCY COOK.

A HALLOWE'EN HOUSE PARTY



LARA and Marguerite could not help but feel excited and full of anticipation as they prepared to depart for their first house party. Florence and Virginia Simpson had been their roommates at boarding school, and had invited them, along with a number of other girls, to spend the week with them at their country residence in the next state—so it was arranged, for Clara and Marguerite to make the trip with their mother by rail.

All during the journey, both girls wondered what surprises were in store for them, as Hallowe'en came during the week of the party, and they felt it would be a banner day. Several older people on the train smiled as they watched the two girls trying to repress their excitement.

Finally, the train pulled into the station of Nashville. As they alighted, there were all the other guests to meet them, and a happy, laughing, crowd of girls, arms around each other, left the station to begin a glorious vacation.

Since it was still two days before Hallowe'en, the guests amused themselves in various ways; they went riding in the morning and either played golf or tennis in the afternoon. The weather man, blessing their stay, sent unusually warm weather for October, so many of the girls had an opportunity for a row on the lake. The evenings, too, furnished their delights, with moonlight hikes, and sings around a camp fire. The girls found this very enjoyable, especially when they returned late to find a midnight feast awaiting them.

At last the eventful night of Hallowe'en arrived! The dinner was to be

a costume party. The rooms were all dimly lighted and decorated in the Hallowe'en colors—orange and black—with cornstalks covering the mahogany panels. At dinner each girl received some sort of a prize, which she was requested to make use of in some way; some received snakes which wriggled along on the floor and furnished great delight to its possessor when it frightened her dinner partner by climbing up the back of her chair. Others received tin horns which they blew constantly, making a weird screeching noise.

After dinner, the programme demanded that each girl walk around the house alone. This brought all sorts of cries from them and a great deal of laughter. First they met a black goblin which led them down to the gold fish pond, and pushed them into the water. After pulling themselves out of this, the girls proceeded around the house. At the next abrupt turn of the building a soft substance was forced into their mouths, which tasted very much like soap; then something soft was wiped over their faces. At the next corner, the girls were compelled to climb a ladder, and slide down a chute on the other side, which landed them in a box of raw cotton which clung to their clothing. Immediately, each girl was picked up by a ghost who led her to the ballroom, and she found it to be her partner for the dance.

As the guests retired that night, the fun was not yet over, for of course everybody had played some sort of a trick upon the others. Some of the girls found combs and brushes in their beds, while others found the sheets tied in

such difficult knots, that it was impossible for the tired owner to untie them, thus forcing her to seek refuge with another companion. Finally, during the early morning hours, the great white house grew quiet.

The next day tired but happy girls packed their bags, and boarded trains for their respective homes, after a very much enjoyed vacation.

—D. H. B., '26.

JUST LUCK

BRENNAN was a small town on the coast of Maine. It was a very sleepy little village, there being only two or three days in the year on which it broke its usual calm. Hallowe'en was one of these days. From dusk to past midnight noise and confusion reigned supreme in the little place. Great truck loads of people, dressed in grotesque costumes would ride through the streets and surrounding country breaking the stillness with laughter and shouts. Finally, at one or two in the morning the noise would cease and all would be quiet again.

It was on one of these nights that two men met secretly on a lonely road, a mile from the village. One could guess by their actions that their affairs were not for the ears of all. Drawing back into the shadows of a large tree, they whispered earnestly for a few minutes, then made off toward town. About a minute after they left, the leaves of the tree rustled, a slim dark figure dropped silently to the ground and crept stealthily after them.

Late that night an enormous truck rumbled through the town. It was thronged with people, some on the roof, some sitting on the hay, and others on boxes on the floor. Everyone seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves with whistles and tin horns.

Passing out from town, it proceeded for a mile or two more, its noisy passen-

gers startling the quiet farmers. Suddenly the truck's powerful headlights shone full upon another truck stalled in the middle of the road and the driver of the truck jammed on the brakes just in time to stop barely six inches from the rear of the vehicle ahead!

Almost simultaneously a fusillade of shots rang out and a number of blue-coated figures sprang on the truck, overpowered the driver and quickly emptied it of its passengers. The hay and boxes soon followed.

A week later a little group was gathered before the desk of the judge of the local court. Among them was a boy of sixteen years who seemed to be the center of attraction, and one might have recognized the driver of the truck, and the two men of the lonely road.

"It was certainly a clever scheme," the boy was saying, and it was just by luck I happened to have lost my cap up that tree. When I went for it that night I heard these two men talking underneath me. They were saying something about a big load coming on tonight on a truck disguised as taking out a pleasure party. They described it and after they went I came out and told you. I guess you got it all right."

"We certainly did, Ken," one of the officers replied, "five hundred quarts of whiskey and rum. Not a bad night's haul and all due to you, Ken. We'll see that you get your share of the reward."

—WAYNE HOBBS, '27.

EDITORIAL

THE SECOND YEAR

THE HAMILTONIAN starts its second year with this Hal-lowe'en number. To continue the career of the HAMILTONIAN which was so admirably commenced last year, we must have the co-operation of the entire school body. This co-operation has been well shown in the recent drive for subscriptions in which each and every member of the school worked zealously for his team.

We ask, however, that your co-operation does not end with the financial side of our school paper. To be successful the staff must have your help in the procuring of material for its pages. We hope that all the students will feel it a duty to get at least one article published during the year, and if your first effort fails, "try, try again."

As an incentive to inspire our young authors, a prize consisting of a two and a half dollar gold piece is offered for the best story published in the HAMILTONIAN during the year. It will be awarded in June.

There is a box in the main corridor for the purpose of receiving contributions, and it would be very pleasing to open this and find a large number of stories, jokes or some kind of material, which would help toward the success of our paper.

Here's to a banner year for the HAMILTONIAN!

It takes more than a college education to teach a man how to remove the cardboard disk from a bottle of milk without taking a milk bath.

REFERENDUM NUMBER 7

In writing this editorial I do not wish to make the HAMILTONIAN appear as a political agency, but at the same time I feel that I should like to express through the columns of this paper, edited by students, the way Referendum No. 7 appears from a student's view point.

As you probably know, should the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States be passed, power would be given into the hands of Congress to regulate, limit and prohibit the laboring of all boys and girls eighteen years of age and under. The majority of boys and girls, graduates of high school whose ambitions center on a college education, find it necessary, during vacation at least, to look for positions calling for long hours to defray the many expenses that college entails. Should this bill be passed, and should Congress see fit to set labor laws stricter than they now stand, that boy and girl would find it difficult to realize his ambitions, for this amendment gives Congress full power over the labor conditions of our youth. It is easily seen what condition would be brought about and that these enterprising youth would perhaps be derived of higher education.

I hope that I have made my point clear and that you, the voters, will give the students of your country a thought on Next November 4th.

—RAYMOND SAULNIER.

Help us make the HAMILTONIAN grow: send in material.

THE MEMORIAL

On Sunday, October fifth, on the Soldiers' Green in Hamilton, Massachusetts, was unveiled and dedicated a monument of bronze and stone in honor of the soldiers and sailors who went out of their homes in Hamilton to battle for their country. The monument is a huge pyramid shaped stone; surmounted by a bronze eagle and with a bronze plate set in the center inscribed with words of dedication. The stone was presented to the town authorities by Colonel J. C. R. Peabody, acting chairman of the committee appointed to supervise the erection of the monument. It was accepted by Mr. J. Lampson as chairman of selectmen of the town.

The dedication address was rendered very acceptably by Judge Alden P. White of Salem. In the course of his talk Judge White pointed out various reasons that should single out our particular monument as superior and of greater meaning than the innumerable

monuments that dot all the Shore road.

Prayers and benedictions were offered by Rev. Father O'Hearn, chaplain of the local American Legion post, No. 194, Rev. Mr. Wirtz and Rev. Mr. Skinner. The march proved a special attraction of the program. It was headed by a platoon of police, followed by the Salem Cadet band, the clergy, the veterans of the several wars, representatives of the various social organizations of the town, and the school children. The program as a whole was very enjoyable and a large number of the townspeople attended the services.

The monument is an excellent piece of work and the committee deserve congratulations for the fine services they have rendered the town in the erection of so fitting a memorial. It is one that the citizens of Hamilton may be justly proud of, and is destined to make more than a passing impression on the multitude of tourists that will pass it in years to come.

—RAYMOND SAULNIER.

ATHLETICS



At a mass meeting attended by the entire High school last Wednesday, Hovey Humphrey was elected basketball manager for the coming season, while Donald Trussell was elected as assistant manager at the same meeting.

The Athletics department wishes both of them the best of luck, and also suggests that the members of the school, and townspeople get behind the boys and help them toward their goal—a successful season.

The management of the Hamilton Town team has consented to the high school playing the second game Tues-

day nights, instead of the Town second team. "Huck" and "Donny" are both working hard to get games for these nights, and promise the fans of Hamilton some interesting evenings.

The outdoor basketball court will soon be ready for use, and candidates for this year's team will start in training and get in shape for real practice, to begin in the Town hall next month.

"Pete" Burns, who was graduated last June, will be the only player lost to the team, so Hamilton High is out for a great season.

—ALLAN MACCURRACH, '25.

SCHOOL NOTES

ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF 1924

Frederick Holland has entered Boston University, where he is taking a "Pre-Law" course in preparation to enter the Boston University Law School.

Horace Pope is also taking a "Pre" course at Tufts. He is preparing at Tufts Pre-Dental to enter Tufts Dental.

Helen Kerrigan and Thelma Smerage are attending Burdett College in Lynn.

Lorena Case is working at Daniel Low & Company in Salem.

Hope Buzzell is doing secretarial work for a summer resident of Hamilton.

Lewis Day is planning to enter Wentworth Institute in January.

Marion Perley, '23, is working in the Boston & Maine Railroad offices in Boston.

Francis Cummings, a former member of the class of '23, was in an accident which happened when the Hamilton combination fire truck, driven by his brother, Merrill Cummings, collided with a Ford truck on Main Street, Saturday night, October 18th. He was badly shaken up and bruised, and it was necessary to take stitches in a cut on his right leg.

Harcourt Dodge, H. H. S., 1920, was also on the fire truck and was much more seriously injured than Cummings. He was rushed to the Cable Memorial hospital, Ipswich, where it was first thought he had a broken neck. The correct diagnosis was a slight concussion of the brain. He was placed on the

danger list but he is now resting comfortably, and is on the road to recovery.

Rudolph Smerage, 1917, another member of the fire department, was treated for a bruised shoulder and several cuts.

CLASS OF 1925

The first candy sale of the year was held by the Seniors during the recess of September 18. We are very grateful to our under-classmen for showing their school spirit toward us.

The beginning of the Senior year is always the time when the officers who are to lead the class through its last days in school are chosen. A very exciting class meeting was held, and we elected the following: President, Arthur Mason; vice president, Allan MacCurrach; treasurer, Lucy Cook; secretary, Emma Baldwin. Mason thought it unwise for him to hold the office longer than three weeks (as he is a man of words) so he resigned. Of course the class was greatly upset, but our vice president, who is a very able fellow, took the chair, and Saulnier was elected vice president. These officers have a splendid program outlined for the class this year.

The High school play has been chosen and the cast is diligently at work. It has taken a great deal of time to select the play and the characters, and we, as a Senior class, hope that the "District Attorney," will be the best effort ever produced in the Community House. Watch for it on December 5th or 8th.

A very interesting lecture consisting of 56 slides on King Tut-ank-amen was given by Mr. Watson on September 27.

The Senior class of Hamilton High school will open the social schedule with a Hallowe'en dance, to be held at the Community House on Friday, October 31. As this goes to press plans are not fully formulated for the affair. The class, however, is working hard for the success of the party, and a pleasant evening is assured all who wish to attend. Music will be furnished by "Black's White Boy's Orchestra." This party will serve as an opener for the class campaign for funds for the Washington trip. The class is a rather large one for the school. This means that the expenses for the trip will be larger than usual and will necessitate more work. We are confident that the townspeople will not fail us in so worthy a cause.

Through the kindness of our mothers and friends a very successful whist party was held in the Town hall on the evening of October 10th. Refreshments were served and the prizes were awarded. The first ladies' prize went to Margaret Gildart, the first men's to Donald Trussell. The booby prizes were given to Arthur Mason for the men, and to Ethel Poole for the ladies. We sincerely hope that our next whist party will be as successful.

CLASS OF 1926

The Juniors recently held a very successful supper and entertainment. The supper began at 6.45 and about fifty assembled. The feast was held in the lower hall of the South school. After the supper the entertainment was on,

consisting of games and puzzles, with prizes for the winners. The appropriate Hallowe'en decorations were used and everyone present went away happy.

A very successful Mutt and Jeff campaign was held for the HAMILTONIAN. Splendid enthusiasm was shown by the entire school. The Mutts finally won the contest by obtaining the most subscriptions and were therefore treated to candy by the Jeff team. Individual prizes were awarded to William Allen, Rose Aimee Perron and Robert Robertson.

CLASS OF 1927

The Sophomore class had a meeting several weeks ago and elected its officers for the year. They are as follows:

President, Wayne Hobbs; vice president, Irene Pope; treasurer, Peter McCurrah; secretary, George Morrow. The class voted to have forty cents a month for dues, with a fine if dues were not paid at the end of the month.

We wish at this time to welcome Margaret Rutherford, a new pupil in our class.

The girls of the Sophomore class are overjoyed with the fact that they are to be able to have basketball team with Miss Davey as coach.

Class Jokes, 1925

Teacher—Smith you are holding on to the class by the skin of your teeth.

Whisper from rear—Better not wash your teeth.

Miss Carey—Allan, do you know the word for I swim in Latin?

Allan—er-ah-er-no-o-o.

Miss Carey—Correct.

Teacher—Give, "I give" in Latin.

Pupil—Don' know.

Teacher—Correct.

Drill on *lie* and *lay*

H. H.—I lie —

E. S.—I know you do.

Miss Davey—Mason, get the *District Attorney* out of my pocket.

A. M.—Is that where you keep your man?

Miss Davey—Fold your papers from left to right.

H. H.—Well I am left handed.

Arthur Mason doesn't believe in expensive luxuries, at present an elastic band serves for his watch chain.

From a Senior English paper: How many gables has the "House of Seven Gables?"

Class Jokes, 1926

Roger Humphrey has lately been heard singing "Margie."

In Eng. Class: Miss Davey reading a sentence from a test paper.

"Silas Marner lost all his money on his face."

Just the same we have some good atheletes among the teachers.

Doucette is in hopes that the Juniors go to Beverly next year.

East Hamilton is getting interesting for G. Hitchings lately. We wonder why?

Class Jokes, 1927

Teacher—What is the meaning of imminent, H—l-d?

H—l-d—I haven't got that far in the dictionary yet.

Teacher—Class, I want you to write a 500-word story.

Pupil—(interrupting) 500 words; I haven't got that many in my vocabulary.

A school paper is a great invention,

For the school gets all the fame,

The printer gets all the money

And the staff gets all the blame.

—J. B. '27.

If a stranger should happen along as the passing bell rang he might think that the Giants were scoring a "home run" by the way the Freshmen dash for the door.

E. B.—"While going home last night we had to wait for the longest freight to go by; Heavens, it was a yard long."

Sam—Well, she sent back my letters and demanded hers.

Toney—Well, don't worry—she might be only testing you.

Sam—Yes, but I haven't kept them.

The other day the English teacher called on Caverly to recite. A girl's voice was heard from the back of the room and the teacher asked if her name was Caverly. Whereon Mason answered from the front, "Not yet."

Ma—"Well Pa What's the "News to-night?"

Pa—"Same as usual, two cents."

Junior High Department

The clubs of the Junior High, which are now well under way, were organized toward the end of September, each having the supervision of an advisor. The following activities were chosen by the pupils from a suggestive list: Camera, Knitting, Stamp, Newspaper Reporting and Dramatics.

Our Camera Club

The Camera Club was organized the twenty-third of September, 1924, and club officers were elected as follows: President, Carolyn Alexander; secretary, Mildred Baldwin; assembly committee, Mary MacDonald. Pictures of the club, class officers, and the physical exercises have been taken and a field trip was enjoyed, taking pictures of various individuals. Postal cards have become the present feature of interest, and the club is preparing to give a talk on New England some time the last of October. Slides will be shown to suit your interests. The club hopes to furnish interesting materials for the school this year. MARY MACDONALD, *Junior II.*

Stamp Collectors' Club

Much interest has been shown in the Stamp Club, the president of which is Maynard MacGregor. Other officers are: vice president, Homer Withee; secretary, Barbara Hobbs; treasurer, Peter Pappas.

The stamp sheets are being printed. Many of the members have albums and others are going to get them. Every member finds the location of countries on the map as soon as he gets a stamp from that country. He also looks up the kind of government, the population, the area and the standard coin.

The Knitting Club

The knitting club has started and promises to be very successful. Miss Bucklin has become a member and has suggested that an exhibition of the work accomplished be held in the spring. Many of the girls have started sweaters, scarfs, and other things and we are hoping for a good year.

—MARY MACDONALD, *Junior II.*

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en's the time of year,
When frost is on the grounds;
With night full of ev'ry fear,
And witches sit on mounds.
Lanterns glowing here and there
From windows dark they peer,
Mystery seems to fill the air
When Hallowe'en draws near.
We cut the pumpkin by the fire
As it flits and spits and glows,
As shadows rise and hide
They seem like hobgoblins' foes.
Into night's darkness we go out,
And laughter's everywhere;
Suddenly a ghostly shout
Is heard, through the frosty air.

—MILDRED BALDWIN, *Junior II.*

Report of the Dramatic Club

President, Mary Corcoran; vice president, Oscar Lightbody; secretary, Robert Robertson.

Many original dramatizations by the pupils have been given, and much talent has been discovered.

The members are looking forward to the production of *Evangeline*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *The Lady of the Lake*, which are being adapted by group committees from the various classes that are studying these pieces of literature.

Smiles As We Pass Along

Teacher—I'm not very much interested in the fact that you are going through High school—but is the High school going through *you*?

Jack Sampsele, at a hotel—Do you serve lobsters here?

Waiter—Yes, sir, we serve anybody. Sit down.

Miss Randell—Now, class, I'm dismissing you ten minutes early today. Go out quietly, please, so as not to wake up the other class.

Some men are entirely too literal. For instance the fellow who on leaving his hotel read a card on the door—"Stop! Have you left anything." And he went back and took the soap and towels.

Antonio—Do you sleep head first or feet first on a train?

Coleen—I usually sleep all over at once.

Conrad—You're always late. You were late at the church when we were married.

Blanche—Yes, but not late enough.

Enid—So you let your old bookkeeper go. What was the trouble—couldn't he balance his accounts?

Fred—I'll say he could. So well that he was beginning to juggle them!

Glee Club Aspirant—When I sing I get tears in my eyes; what can I do for this?

Instructor—Stuff cotton in your ears.

—Georgia Tech *Yellow Jacket*.

Sunday-school teacher (desiring to impress on her class the meaning of returning thanks before a meal)—Willie, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?

Willie—He says, "Go slow with the butter, kids; 75 cents a pound."

One swallow does not make a summer, but one swallow of the stuff you get nowadays may make an early fall.

—*Judge*.

"Say, Officer, where's the corner?"
Why, you're standing on it."

"Is that so, no wonder I could not find it."

A young husband could eat no more of his wife's dinner:

"That's a pity, she said, "for if you don't I shall have to give it to the dog."

"Yes, it's a pity—it's such a nice dog!"

—*Tit-Bits* (London).

Intelligent young son to father—Father do you know that a device for eliminating sleep has been invented?

Father—Yes son, we used to have one in our home when you were a baby.

If things don't change the Juniors will have to come off their high horse.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

Father—What are you crying for?

Child—I've swallowed a pin.

Father—Never mind, here's another.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Norman Peatfield didn't answer out in class.

Lawrence Anderson stopped laughing during French period.

Violet Mason didn't do her lessons.

Robert Holland wasn't silly.

Marguerite Lake didn't write notes.

Bernice Doucette forgot to laugh.

Anna Kelliher lost Julia.

Ruth Cullity didn't forget her accents in French.

Margaret Rutherford ever smiled.

Dorothy Back would speak out loud.

Edward Honeysett did not know his lessons.

Wayne Hobbs ever got in on time at recess.

Irene Pope recited correctly in English.

Mary Dodge liked Robert.

Elizabeth Pfaff didn't know her figures.

Peter McCurrach stopped whispering.

Julia Buzzell didn't have to comb her hair every period.

Albert Grant was not studious.

Gladys Whipple was not seen with Julia.

Harold Smerage wasn't a good sport.

Wilbert Hatt ever was cross.

Warren Grant wasn't ready for mischief.

George Morrow wasn't slow.

Houston Hughes stopped talking when the bell rang.

Ralph Hatt did not grin.

Julia Burns was dense.

Mr. Watson would like to know if the pupils will ever learn the seating plan of Room I.

Miss Cary wishes that assembly periods could be changed, but her class begs to differ.

Isn't it too bad that the Sophomore boys can never agree with their teachers?

Mow many more years before the "Uke" club will learn "Follow the Swallow"?

Wanted: A few Romeos for the new Senior play.

Mr. Watson is still wondering if he will have to buy some frogs. A reward will be given to any one bringing in some of these animals.

When does the orchestra hold rehearsals?

How do you like the new report cards?

Are you satisfied with yours?

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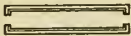
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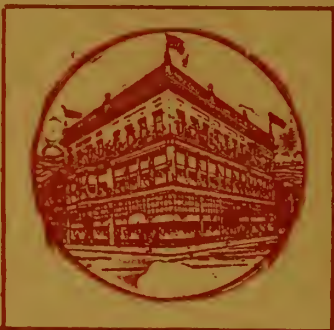
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